'The Birth of the "Greater" New York.

With the dawn of the new "Greater" New York is ushered into the world a full grown giant. The problem of municipal government is to be put to the supremest test. Within its limits is contained a population equal to that of 13 of our sovereign states at our last census, and as numerous as that of the original 13 states. Provisions for the life and health of this vast multitude of all nations and climes is an unsolved enigma. Thousands of sufferers in New York and elsewhere are wrested from the grasp of that agonizing complaint rheumatism, by the timely use of Hos-tetter's Stomach Bitters, which is a pre-ventive of malaria and kidney com-plaint, and curative of liver complaint. constipation and nervousness.

Explained.

Murray Hill-What's the matter Cholly? You look all done up. Cholly Knickerbocker-I took off m hat last night to a cross-eved who thought smiled at me, and the fellah sitting beside me hit me in the eye, the

A., T. &. S. F. Time Card. Under the new schedule in effect De-cember 13, first train leaves Santa Fe at 3:55 p. m. connecting at Lamy with train No. 1 at 4:55 p. m. No. 1 carries local passengers between Lamy and Albuquerque, and west of Albuquerque to California, this train also connects at Lamy with train No. 17, and carries passengers for Albuquerque and points south, connection is also made on this run with the Chicago Limited eastbound on Wednesdays and Saturdays, this train

arrives at Santa Fe at 7 p. m. Eastbound first train will leave Santa Fe at 9:40 p. m. returning arrive at Santa Fe at 11:45 p. m.; this train carries local passengers between El Paso and La Junta and has through sleepers to Kansas City; second train leaves Santa Fe at 12:15 a. m., this is a through train from California, and has through chair car and Pullman for Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo; No. 3 westbound California Limited leaves Santa Fe on Mondays and Friday at 8:50 a. m.; turning arrive at Santa Fe at 10:40; the Chicago and California Limitted trains will only run twice a week each way until further notice.

Well Named.

Storekeeper-What do you call this Drummer-Oh, that is the Corbett

Fitzsimmous fight button.
Storekeeper—Why do you call it that?
Drummer—It will never come off.

TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN.

TRIAL WITHOUT EXPENSE. the Eric Medicai Co. now for the first time offered on trial without expense to any honest man. Not a deliar to be paid in advance. Cure Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Manhood Fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Portions of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment. No C. (O. D. or other scheme. A plain offer by a firm of high standing. ERIE MEDICAL CO. 64 NIAGARA ST.

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AND

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.

The Scenic Route of the World

Time Table No. 40.

BAST BOUND	WEST BOU
No. 426.	MILES No. 425
10:08 a m Lv. San	ta Fe. Ar 6:55 p
12:08 p m Lv. Bap	anola. Lv 40 4:55 p
	budo.Lv 59 3:25 p
	ranca.Lv 68 2:45 p
3:27 p mLv. Tree 5:23 p mLv. An	Piedras. Lv 97 1:19 p tonito. Lv 131 11:40 a
7:00 p m Lv. Al	
10:80 p mLy.S	
1:50 a m Ly. Fle	
8:10 a m Lv.P	ueblo.Ly343 2:40 a
4:40 a m Ly.Co	lo Spgs. Lv. 887 1:02 a
7:30 & M AF. D	enver.Lv 488 10:00 p

Connections with the main line and

branches as follows: At Antonito for Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country. At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.

At Salida with main line for all points

east and west, including Leadville.
At Florence with F. & C. C. R. R. for
the gold camps of Cripple Creek and

At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Den-ver with all Missouri river lines for all points east

Through passengers from Santa Fe will have reserved berths in sleeper from Alamosa if desired. For further information address the

undersigned.
T. J. Helm, General Agent,
Santa Fe, N. M. S. K. HOOPER, A. P. A.,

Homeseekers' Excursion.

The Santa Fe Route has arranged for a series of homeseekers' excursions, and tickets will be on sale from all points in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Ne-braska, to all points in New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. Dates of sale: January 18, February 1 and 15, March 1 and 15, April 5 and 19, tickets good for return passage, 21 days from date of return passage, 21 days from date of issue. The rates will be one fare for the round trip, plus \$2. For further information regarding these low rates call on or address any agent of the Santa Fe Route.

H. S. Lutz, Agent. Santa Fe, N. M. W. J. BLACK, S. G. P. A., Topeka, Kas.

Civil Service Examination.

saints, dear saints, so present, yet so far, I cannot touch you with my hand or trace The aspect of your strength, your faith, your grace!

grace!
Between us lie the years, the gulf, the her;
But, as one tracks the starlight to the star
And finds no dark nor flame forsaken space
To fret the beauty of its burning face
Because the splendor swallows blot and scar,
So time has framed you with an aureole
More circle rounded than your age foreknew.
No frailty now can quench that fire of soul!
The things ye willed and did not, those ye
do;

do; The gifts he strove for, in my sight are true. perfect parts have made perfection

-Edward Cancroft Lefroy, From His Life and

AN ISLAND ROMANCE.

An old traveler who, as special correspondent, story writer and theatrical manager, has visited nearly every part of the globe, in the person of J. Charles Davis, is now here for the purpose of paving the way for J. Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse's musical comedy, "Lost, Strayed or Stolen." He thus describes one of the odd corners of the world:

Probably the quaintest and most interesting island that dots the waters of the world is what was known until after the last English victory over the French as the Isle de France. It is Mauritius, French in everything but government, which is English.

Mauritius is the home of romance and a veritable gold mine for the story teller and novel writer. It is the scene of good old Father St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," and the visitor to Port Louis, the metropolis and principal scaport, who would attempt to leave the island without driving out and visiting the grave of Paul and Virginia would be considered an unromantic, unsympathetic heathen. It is situated in a peaceful valley and reached by a short drive from the capital.

This little island is one of the most cosmopolitan places in existence. French, English, German, Spanish, Italian and a few American merchants are engaged in business in the bazaars along the water front, while Africans Malays. Persians, the natives of Madagascar, coolies from the Malabar coast. Moors from the strait of Gibraltar and the natives of upper India elbow each other in the market places, and one hears the language of every land in a half dozen blocks.

The superstitions of every country and the weird tales growing out of the traditions of all lands have been brought to the island, taken root and grown to be observed by the lower classes of all nations, and consequently the island has become the favorite hunting ground of the story teller in search of genuine novelty, particularly in the weird and mysterious vein. Besant and Rice obtained the story of "My Little Girl" from Mauritius. It was here that the story of the "Coco de Mere" had its birth. Here the legend of the enchanted caverns yawning for the reception of shipwrecked sailors, with their two gates, one leading to the celestial empire and the other to bades, is repeated and believed, and those who cross the island to its northern and most inhabited shore can see two great openings, the bottom of each being below the low water mark and the top being high enough to admit the rigging of a sailing vessel, awaiting for him to choose which way he will go, but with no guidepost or trademark to assist him

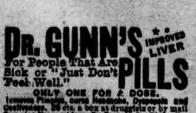
Although the government of Mauritius is English the official language is inconvenience one must speak it well, but in order to get at the weird and mysterious it is necessary to have an interpreter who is an East Indian and who appreciates the value of getting at the bottom of a subject after having once entered into it. While returning from a visit to the famous gardens of Curpepe I halted at a little refreshment house, and in conversation with the proprietor discovered that he was not only an old resident, but a man well versed in the folklore of the island and one who would talk if allowed to

It is needless to say that I allowed him to, and while we were enjoying some really delicious Manilla cheroots under the shade of a great banyan tree, just back of his house, he told me the following story:

Shortly after it became impossible for many members of the old French nobility to live comfortably in la belle France a country nobleman, accompanied only by the young and beautiful daughter, left the mother country be-hind and arrived at Port Louis with little excepting the family jewels, plate and honor. The father and daughter brought with them an old priest who had been Ninette's instructor and almost constant companion since the child's dying mother confided her while but a toddling infant to the good old man's care. With a few house servants the count set up a modest establishment on the northern part of the island, pur-chased a small plantation and began the cultivation of sugar cane, which is the

principal industry of the country. Under the fostering care of her father, the priest and the old family servants Ninette grew to womanhood without having often crossed the boundary lines of the little plantation on which they lived. Her favorite recreation was reading, and she indulged this education of pastime in a bowerlike nock on the very face of the cliff overhanging the ocean Here she would spend the delightfully balmy afternoons watching the native craft either going to sea, sailing away into the blue distance until their lateen sails looked like the wings of a flock of sea gulls or coming up out of the blue waters of the Indian ocean and growing larger and more distinct until the song of the native sailors could be distinctly

beard in her cliff top nook. She reached the age of 19 when one morning she encountered a young stranger in the person of the son of a wealthy planter who lived many miles over the other side of the mountain and who, while pursuing his favorite pastime of



shooting red winged partridges, had scaled the cliff and, following his dogs,

almost stumbled into Ninette's retreat. The young man, after apologizing, withdrew hastily, but his dogs, enjoying the caresses of the timid but delighted girl. refused to answer his call, and he was obliged to return to induce them to fol-

From this incident there grew an acquaintance as carefully conducted as the strictest rules of the old French family conduct would prescribe. And one morning the count was somewhat surprised to receive a visit from the young man's father and mother, who had driven from the extreme end of the island for the purpose of introducing themselves and requesting permission for their son to pay his addresses to Ninette. The motherless child was introduced to the woman who desired to be her mother-at-law and her husband. Family history and family matters were discussed at length, and the planter and his wife did not depart until the desired consent had been obtained. After this the young couple were betrothed, the engagement duly announced, and at the expiration of nearly a year the date of the marriage set and made public, when one day Ninette, while reading in her favorite nook, was overtaken by one of those fierce storms for which the island is famous, and in attempting to regain the top of the hill slipped and fell down through the tangled underbrush, cut and scarred by jagged rocks, to the sands below. Here she was found by friends, who were alarmed at the storm and her absence

and started out to search for her. She was carried home almost lifeless, and for several days hovered between life and death, until the vigor of youth enabled her to recover sufficiently to understand the terrible accident that had befallen her. Her once beautiful features were so cut and scarred that after one horrified look into a hand mirror the poor girl turned away, sent for her father and announced her intention of entering a convent as soon as she was well enough to do so.

The almost distracted lover had ridden over from his mountain home day after day to inquire after her condition. His parents had made repeated calls, and kind hearted strangers hitherto ex cluded from the count's domain by the cold, exclusive disposition of its owner now came and offered sympathy and assistance daily. As soon as the attending physician decided that Ninette had sufficiently recovered to be able to bear an interview with her lover without serious results the almost frantic young man presented himself, only to be tearfully informed by the old count that his daughter desired him to convey her undying love with every assurance that it would remain unchanged until death, but that as the fearful accident that she had met with had disfigured her so that she was confident she could not survive Henri's expression of horror when he looked upon her poor mutilated features she would beg him to remember her as he saw her last, and that she would ever cherish his memory in the convent retreat that she desired to be conveyed to as soon as her health would permit.

Sadly and silently the young man took his departure, to return two days later, when he came instead of on horseback, as was his wont, in the clumsy old family carriage, from which he was assisted to alight by a favorite servant, when he said to the astonished count: 'Take me to your daughter. Tell her that the changes in her features I can never know. She will always be as sweet and beautiful to me as when I an acre, but I happen to want it for a again, but cannot live without her so ciety. Take me to her. She will see no looks of horror, for I am blind."

Henri, after leaving the count's door, had ridden to his own home, taken a last look at the scene that he had loved since boyhood, and then summoned a Hindoo fakir, and after a long consultation submitted to a painful operation that deprived him of his sight forever. The devotion that could not exist out side the atmosphere of mystery and superstition that hangs heavily over the little island was rewarded, and the descendants of Henri and Ninette now live in the beautiful little valley back of the capital and tell of the veiled woman who conducted the blind planter over his estate, and who was his guide and companion until both were laid to rest near the scene of their first meet ing, where a marble tablet set in the side of the cliff marks the spot and makes it almost sacred to the residents

of the island. I returned to the city, and it was sev eral days before I was able to complete ly shake off the indescribable impres sion caused by what the old iunkeeper stoutly asserted was a true story of the love of Henri and Ninette. - San Francisco Chronicle.

His Own Idea.

It is said that General Crittenden used to tell with great glee a story of the re ply once made to him by his son, then

a little boy of 8 or 9 years.

A day or two after the battle of Chickamauga the little fellow went into camp. The general rode during the bat-tle a horse which went by the name of John Jay, a great favorite with his small son. The child showed great delight at seeing his father again, but at last, in the midst of a vigorous hug, he

asked suddenly: "Papa, where is John Jay?"
"Oh," said his father gravely, "your horse behaved very badly during the fight. He insisted, like a coward, on

taking me to the rear." The boy looked at him searchingly for an instant. Then his eyes gleamed, and he held up a remonstrant little fin-

ger, pointing it at his parent.
"Papa," said he severely, "I know
John Jay would never have done that of his own will. It must have been your "There seemed to be nothing for me

to say," the general usually remarked in conclusion, "and consequently I for-bore to argue the matter."—Youth's Illustrated Special Edition

New Mexican Can be had by applying at this office. It is full of matter describing the mineral, agricultural, horticultural and all the varied resources of New Mexico. Just the thing to send any one in-quiring about or interested in the territory. Price 10 cents, wrapped and mailed for 11 cents.

The trouble with most men is not that they do not know how to rest. If a man knows how to take to tak

work, but that they do not know how to rest. If a man knows how to rest and how to take care of his health, there is hardly a limit to the amount of work that he may accomplish without doing himself injury. The trouble is that men not only overwork, but that they neglect to rest at the proper hours and neglect their health, man passes a restless, sleepless night, Ry., for all points north, south, east and west.

Stages for Lincoln, White Oaks and Nogal leave Roswell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 a. m.
For low rates and information regarding the resources of this valley, and th price of lands, or any other matters of interest to the public, apply to

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and neglect their health. A man passes a restless, sleepless night, gets up dull and headachey in the moraing, goes to the breakfast table without an appetite, bolts what little he does eat and rushes away to business. He is drowsy and nervous by turns all day and forces himself to work against his will. He takes five minutes for lunch and not a minute to rest afterward. He goes home at night utterly fagged out and with no appetite for supper. The idea of taking medicine or even taking a little rest never enters his head. Some night his wife finds him in the rocking-chair before the fire-placedead. The doctor will call it nervous prostration or heart trouble or something of that kind. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for hard working men. It restores a keen edge to the appetite. It facilitates the flow of the digestive juices and makes the digestion and assimilation perfect. It invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, fieshbuilder and nerve-tonic. Medicine dealers sell it. H. Gaddis Eso. of No. 31 South I Street Ta-**PLEADINGS** AND PRACTICE

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Part 1. Ordinary Proceedings
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Warranto and Replevin. Part
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HAD A BETTER THING. The Farmer Knew His Business and Would Wabash line Not Sell Out.

taining his name the drummer approach-"Am I right in thinking your name

builder and nerve-tonic. Medicine dealers sell it.

H. Gaddis, Esq., of No. 313 South J Street, Tacoma, Washington, writers: "I was taken ill in Pebruary 1892. My lungs hurt me and I got so poor that I was just skin and bone. I thought I was going to die. I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it saved my life."

Pierce's For sick headache, biliousness and constipation, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most rational cure known. They are mild but thorough and effective. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Never gripe. No other pill is like them.

While waiting at the depot there

was pointed out to us a farmer who had

driven in over the hills with an old

horse and a buckboard, and after ascer

"Yes, that's my name," was the re

"Small farm, all covered with stone

"Waal, it's purty stony," admitted

"But I want to buy. I was coming

out to see you. I'll give you \$20 an

He expected the farmer to jump out

of his boots at that, but he didn't jump.

He calmly replied that he wouldn't

"I shouldn't keer to—not this year."
"My dear man," said the drummer,

your farm is not worth a cent over \$12

'Not this year," was the calm reply.

"Let me make you one last offer. I'll

give you \$50 an acre cash down, and we'll make out the papers today. It's four times the value of your land, but I'm rich and can afford a hobby. Will

"Noap—not this year."
"Good heavens! But you refuse such

"Waal, I've got a better thing, mis

an offer! Why, man, what's the mat-

ter. I've got three summer boarders

comin up next week to stay fur a month,

and if you'd offer me \$75 an acre I don't

Getting It Right.

the hotel proprietor, "I've just had an

argument with my friend here on a

matter of terms, and I want you to de-

"Fire away," said the proprietor.

"Well, I told my friend I was com-

"Of course. What did he contend?"

"He said I should have said your

"Well, yes, it certainly is my bill

"But you said just now my bill was

"That sorter makes it our bill,

"Yes," assented the proprietor, anx-

'Well, that decision suits me to a T.

ious to get rid of the man. "That's what it is—our bill."

Just you make out my half of it, and I'll

pay you right away. There's nothing like getting things straight."—George

H. Westley in New York Sunday World.

Another Bird.

"Has your husband any hallucina

"Yes, he has. He's always talking

"Ah, yes. Has he begun to see pi

"I don't know that he sees any pi

geons, but I've heard him talk in his

From a Biker's View.

Charlie Mariner (describing a canon

race)—The course was awfully choppy, and after standing for awhile on the

starboard tack I went over on to the port tack—
Miss Tandem (interrupting) — Oh.

how badly you must have been punc tured!—B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.

When It Was Needed. "How do you come to be celebrating your golden wedding, Binks? You've

"I know," said Binks, "but my wife and I thought we'd better have it now, when we really need the gold."—Har-

sleep about chasing the duck."—Cleve land Plain Dealer.

about Andree's balloon."

right."
"Oh, well, it's both. It's your bill, and it's my bill."

ing down here to the office to pay my

bill-my bill, you understand?

"See here," said the smart man to

"Will you take \$40 an acre?"

the farmer, "but I do purty well on it."

ply.

*You own a farm back here about ter

is Tompkins-George Tompkins?"

and hard work to get a living?"

acre, " resumed the drummer.

"Then I'll give you \$25."

"Noap, I guess not."

"I guess not."

you take it or not?"

think I'd take it."

that right?"

bill. How about it?"

That seems to be correct.

"Will you take \$30?"

sell—not this year."

ed him and queried:

"Yes."

take it.

ST. LOUIS. CHICAGO. NEW YORK, BOSTON.

Free Reclining Cars.

Pullmans.

Diners,

"Your farm is worth about \$12 an Boudoir Coaches, "Yes, I guess so, but I don't want to

> Saves 4 Hours Denver to New York. One Change of

> > C. M. HAMPSON, Commercial Agent, Denver, Colo.

Dramatic Situations a la Sims

"Pore outcast, 'omeless shelterless, an I am powerless to assist 'er. Yet stay: this 'andkercher, the last of all its tribe, spread tenderly acrorat 'er droopin form, will at least protect er from the icy blast. I can ill spare it. but doubtless heaven will chalk it up to my account, an when at the last great reckonin the case of Bob Jimians drunkard, is called the recordin angwill perjuice his ledger an with trumpet voice declare, ' 'E freely parted wiv his last 'andkercher to save the life of a pore female woman.' "—Pick Me Up

Asking Too Much.



Harold-And now, darling, tell me Sibyl-Oh, Harold, don't ask me to repeat his language. —Punch:

at 3:40 a. m., arriving at Roswell, N. M., at 12:30 p. m., Leave Roswell daily at 12:30 p. m., arriving at Pecos at 10:05 p. m., connecting with the Texas & Pacific Ry., for all points ports.

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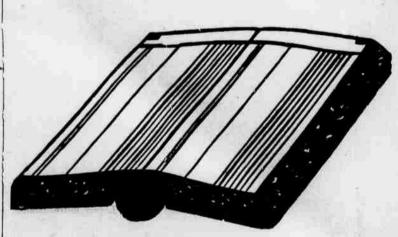
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